

MANTUAN English'd, and Paraphras'd:

OR, THE

CHARACTER

OF

A Bad Woman.

MANT. ECL. 3.

Fœmineum servite genus crudele superbum.



Bad Woman! Heav'n bless us, Sirs!

Who dare

Approach so near, to write her
Character?

Plagues owe their Birth to her en-
venom'd Breath;

To see her's dangerous; to touch her, Death.

All Torments, and all Ills, at first did grow

From her, and thence (as from a Spring) still flow.

He favour'd her too much, that call'd her worse

Than all th' Ingredients cramm'd into a Curse.

The Bane of Mankind, Foe to Innocence,

First-born of Hell, and Poysons Quintessence;

Creations Blot, and Natures greatest Disgrace,

The Seven Deadly Sins drawn in One Face.

Her

A Sex

A Sex for Servitude by Heav'n design'd,
 Yet the most proud and cruel of Humane kind:
 Bold, flattering, fond, disdainful, idle, vain,
 A double Tongue, false Heart, and giddy Brain;
 Inconstant, gadding, tatling, simple, light,
 Compos'd of Rashness, Self-love, Fraud, and Spite,
 Revengeful, fullen, covetous, ambitious,
 Always complaining, envious, superstitious;
 Faithless, ungrateful, subtle, troublesome;
 Contentious with her Neighbours, more at Home:
 Who always lives in the *Intemperate Zone*;
 For Means and Measure she'll be rul'd by none;
 But *chilling Frost*, or *scorching Dog-days* proves,
 Mortally hates, or else too fondly loves.

The Studies of her Youth are wanton Dances,
 Lascivious Songs, Plays, Masquerades, Romances;
 These antedate her guilty, and begin
 To debauch her long before she's ripe for Sin.
 She nere regards the Laws of *Right* and *Just*,
 But tramples all things to promote her Lust.
 The Wickedness her Strength to act denies,
 She by Deceit and Subtlety supplies.

With seeming Modesty she baits her Hooks,
 Consults her Glasse to frame enticing Looks,
 Lips, minces, simpers, and instructs her Eyes
 What Glances are most charming, to surprise:
 Her Face (as Tavern-Bush) bedeck'd with Toys,
 Our easie Youth into her Toyl decoys:

Her

Her Curls, like Streamers waving, seem to surround
 Each spritely Combatant to storm the Fort;
 Whilst naked panting Breasts too plainly shew
 Th' insatiate Thirst that she endures below.
 And though in *Single Life* she oft be naught,
 Yet when at length some doating Fop sh' hath caught,
 And into wretched Noose of *Wedlock* brought,
 By Midwife-Rules she boldly goes to Bed,
 And on the Novice pawns a Maiden-head;
 Who starts next Morn to see her in his Arms;
 She's perfect *Har*, when stripp'd of Arts gay Charms;
 The painted *Roses* of her Cheeks are dropt,
Hunch-back's discoverd, with Pads underpropt;
 He's forc'd with strong Perfumes to guard his Nose
 From poy's'nous Whiffs of *Breath*, *Arm-pits*, and *Toes*.

Ah cursed Love! well art thou feined Blind.

His mistake's no less fatal in her Mind.

Handsom, she proves a *Wench*; *Deform'd*, a *Witch*;
 If *Poor*, she makes him *Beggar*; *Slave*, if *Rich*:
 Or if sh' affects the Name of *Virtuous Woman*,
 (That's one who sins but *seldom*, is not *Common*)
 She then takes privilege, and thinks she may
 Justly rant, domineer, and disobey.

Her *Husband* soon into *Consumption* cast:
 (For *Back* and *Purse* do both together waste.)
 Whiles to allay, not quench her wanton Fires,
 Sometimes she *Dildo*s, sometime *Stalion* hires.
 Fine Clothes, new Fashions, Gossiping, rich Fare,
 And sturdy Gallants, take up all her Care.

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Honour she counts an empty term, no tie;
Her Zeal's Pretence; *her Study*, Vanity;
Her Beauty, Paint; *her Wit*, Bawdry refin'd;
Her Kisses, Baits; *her Love*, a Snare design'd;
Her Soul (if she have one) so foul and base,
Hell's half asham'd it self afford it place.

But hold; enough. Let none be angry here,
 And think our Pen too sharp a Nib doth bear:
 All this of a *Bad Woman's* understood:
 But prithee (*Reader*) shew me *One that's Good*.

F I N I S
